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Title: Log

Author: Vincent  
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This is the last place I  
can think of looking for  
the Tinkers Tuning Fork.  
We hide here now while I  
sent the last of my men  
to the west to lead the  
wyrms away as I tend to  
my wounds. The tinker is  
tied up next to me  
terrified, and I seriously  
am thinking of leaving him  
here as bait to make my  
escape.

I will return to my  
Headquarters tomorrow,  
embracing the Swamps as  
opposed to the places I  
have experienced the past  
few days. Since I don't  
plan on taking the Tinker,  
I humiliated him further,  
explaining that the  
password was incredibly  
easy when you simply put  
the words in order of  
the time I established all  
of the Brigand's Outpost.